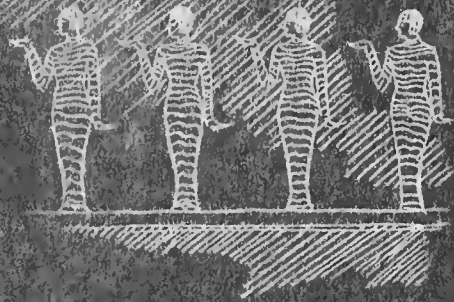
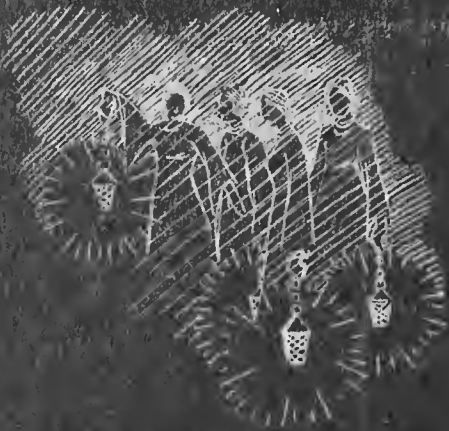


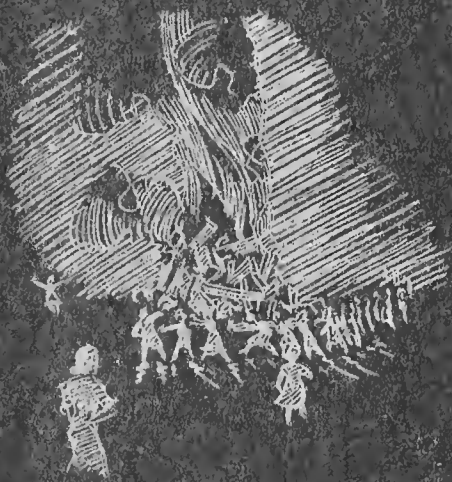
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FRESHMAN SHOW



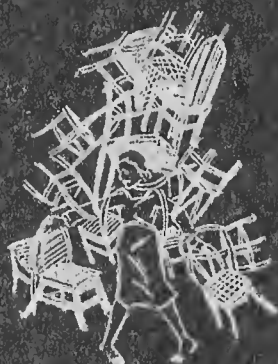
LANTERN NIGHT



PARADE NIGHT



POWER HOUSE AFIRE



GARDEN PARTY



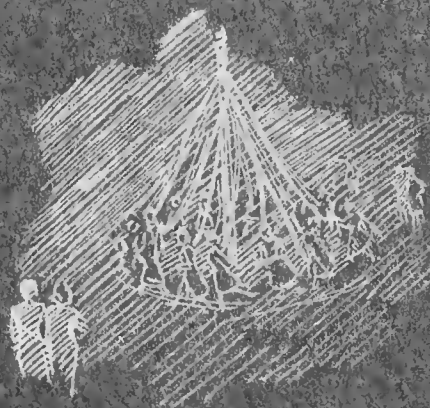
FACULTY SHOW



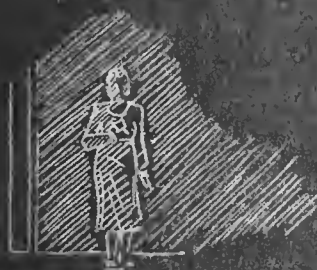
FLOWERS FOR BIG MAY DAY



LITTLE MAY DAY



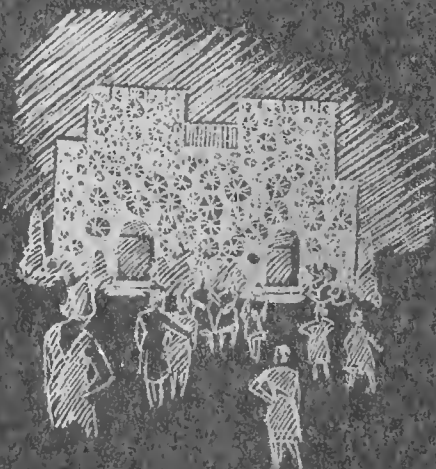
ON THE GREEN-MAY DAY



THE PEACE CARAVAN



ALUMNAE DRIVE



NEW SCIENCE BUILDING



THE BIG STORM



THE GREEK PLAY

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YEAR BOOK

1935

BRYN MAWR COLLEGE

BRYN MAWR, PA.

To
LUCY MARTIN DONNELLY
We
Dedicate Our Book

*





Editor-in-Chief

BARBARA LEWIS

Editors

GERTRUDE FRANCHOT

DIANA TATE SMITH

Business Manager

ANNE HOLLOWAY

Assistants

BETTY LORD

ANNE HAWKES



Hymn to the Huntress Hare

O goddess of learning these chaste leaves we lay at your feet
O vestal muse we bring you these heads of lettuce
Anointed with cheese and oil, take them, these green remembrances
Of love we have borne you at twilight, take them and eat.

And when you have chewed
Their haunting charm,
When brain is renewed
And heart is warm,
And you know the glory
The glory of lettuce,
The same old story,
The story of lettuce,
Then, sorry sorry,
But let us, goddess

Out of our heads that have knocked together
Make you a book to be yours forever.
Ask us why, or ask us when
We took upon us these powers of pen;
And we will answer by singing the praise
Of nine hundred-sixty salad days.
Short our answer, short the reason:
One faithful herb remained in season.
Desserts have come, desserts have gone,
But the greenery has gone on.

O sweet sweet so lovely lettuce!
Bless the hour that did beget us
That yon pristine crisp was ours,
That it has preserved our powers
For this great task of bewitting
Eighty critics at one sitting,
A supercilious knowing crew;
And to please you, goddess, too,
Would be for us no banking holiday
Even if we wrote a mile-a-day.

So take it and browse,
And be not affronted
If our pens drowse,
Or if they are blunted;
Yours to peruse,
And yours to slander,
Call it a goose,
Or call it a gander;
We know you will use
An absolute candor

Concerning these leaves of nonsense we merrily place before you,
Along with sweet lettuce, delectable, chosen food of the rabbit;
Chew you as you read, O muse, with that sidelong, that breakfast habit;
Though our book pall, we pray that these vegetables never bore you!

Balloons

IF, in ten years' time we have forgotten the details of Gresham's Law, or the terms of the Treaty of Utrecht, a trip to the public library will refresh our memories, but the homely details of our college life and our mutual reminiscences have nowhere been immortalized in print. This we undertake to do.

Inconceivable as it now seems, the day may perhaps arrive when the excellent quality of Love's Pop Corn will be forgotten, and when we no longer remember the cigar store in Ardmore, which offers shelter to all those waiting for the bus, with the same unquestioning hospitality that characterizes the monasteries of the high Alps. No one, to the best of our knowledge, has ever seen an Ardmore bus schedule. We wait in the cigar store, in quiet faith hoping that a bus will soon be along; we send out scouts every so often to look down the Pike for the green and red lights of the bus. There is always a feeling of the greatest relief when it is finally sighted; the driver, when questioned, is always evasive about the schedule.

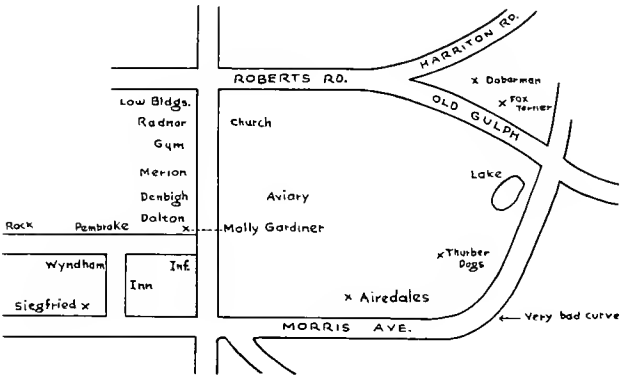
And yet the Paoli Local is not very much more satisfactory. As we run to catch the train, we are invariably stopped on the wrong side of the tracks while a long and lumbering freight train passes by. As superstitious as African savages trying to ward off evil with Voodoo charms, we stand inactive, while the Local, beyond the freighter, pulls in and pulls out. In any case, we mistrust the Paoli. Only the most scintillating intellects among us have been able to master the succession of stations between Broad Street and Bryn Mawr, and the conductor's pronunciation of "Wynnewood!" has misled a number of us into disembarking there. It will probably remain an inscrutable mystery until the

end of time, why it is so easy to get to Ardmore, and so difficult to get home. (An even deeper mystery, is the question of who collects the nickels from the pay telephones in each hall; not only who, but when and how?)

In the village there have been many changes. In contrast to the dignified marble silence of the new Post Office, we can remember the old, and less resplendent building, that used to stand opposite the fire-house. It was a very convenient location, right next to the Five and Ten, so that we could attend to all our errands by going to the village and coming home over the back (or inland) route, and the overhead bridge. And in the old days, the Greeks, alias The Bryn Mawr Confectionery, alias The Meeting Place of the Main Line, was an establishment sans pareil. Now Meth's infringes on the Greek's clientele, and places such delicious looking papier-mache wedding cakes, and enticing cinnamon buns in the window, that Mike has been forced to redecorate with potted palms and aspidistras.

While the village changes, the Inn goes on undisturbed. They have threatened us at various times with redecorating projects, changes in management, and other alarming plans, but whether or not these revolutionary schemes have been carried out, is a problem that can never be solved by the eye alone. The Inn looks the same as it did Freshman Year; the management's desk has been moved from corner to corner, and pink ruled order slips have been substituted for white, but the hot-dogs and hamburgers, the spinach and fudge cake, are of the same degree of excellence as of old. In the Lean Years, when we have given up our desserts for some charity, the Inn has been a Lambert Street Sugar Plum Tree, and we have wasted our substance there, and indulged our sweet teeth.

In the spring, we have the 6:30 a.m. fire drill outdoors, and we waste hours sun-bathing. We take long walks, and the Circuit is a route that has proven so popular, that we feel it should be immortalized in map form.

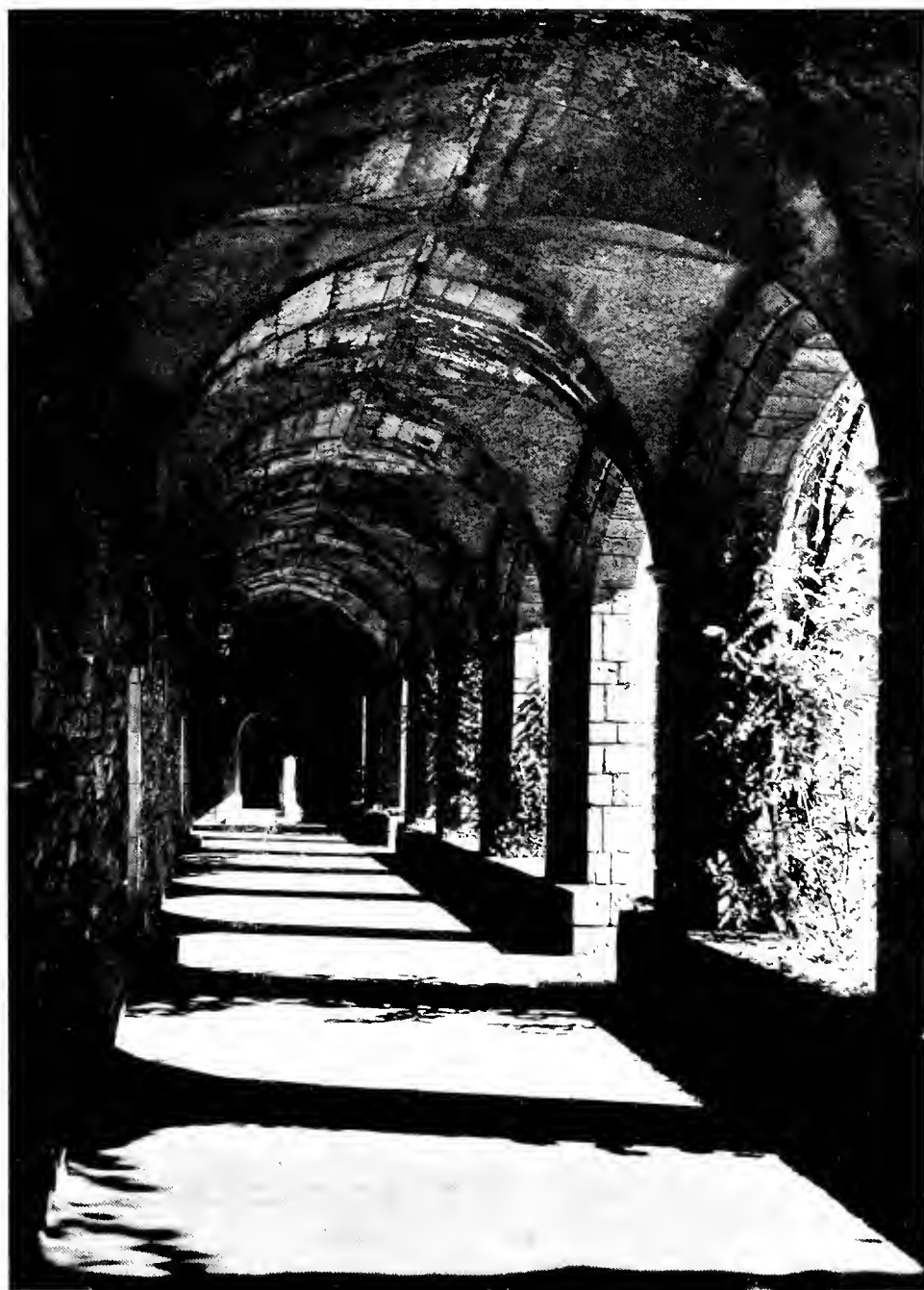


This walk is fraught with danger. Not only do cars whiz by, (notably the bus labelled Sisters of Mercy,) but in the past year or so, the Dog Menace has increased alarmingly. We are all devoted to the three little dogs who sit so dismally in front of the Library, and to the Scottie Elys, but the dogs we encounter on the Circuit are of a different calibre. At the Diez' we almost always meet Siegfried, who springs upon the unsuspecting stranger, while Dr. Diez doffs the hat and gives many assurances of Siegfried's friendly intentions. A little further along two Airedales come racing down a hill, and growl unpleasantly from behind a frail fence. There is a group of Thurber-dogs, (having no particular characteristics,) who roam around together, and one of the houses on the Circuit has acquired a Doberman, who has a glint of fire in his eye, and who adds peril to the trip.

Now that we are nearing the end of our last spring, we look with great fondness on the man who sells balloons and daffodils on the corner of Montgomery Avenue, and we will feel nostalgic in the years to come, whenever we think of the cherry trees in blossom down the walk to Goodhart, as we remember the first snow-drops in Wyndham garden, and the pansies that grow in the cold frames of the greenhouse opposite the Inn. We will remember long the twilights in the Deanery garden, where we could sit quietly after supper and listen to the little splash of the fountain.

Ever since we first came to college, we have been told that we would look back on these days as quote the happiest days of our lives unquote. We have always been skeptical, our minds filled with problems of exams to be passed, reports to be written, and Orals to be taken. And yet, in ten years' time, it will probably seem to us that there is no honor so great as receiving a hoop, no excitement comparable to that of keeping our class animal a secret, no luxury so delightful as being able to take two hours off in the middle of the day to play solitaire, and no life so enjoyable as this one, which enables us to sit in each other's rooms until 4 a.m. and very solemnly talk and argue about nothing at all.

/



*A Liberal Education **

The Adventures of Sophias Philé among the
Wise meN of agashuLand

THERE were many doors leading off the long passage, each with its brass plaque, but owing to the poor illumination Little Sophie was unable to make out what they said. But she knocked anyway. No one answered, so she went in. A heavy cloud of the best smoke hung over all, filling every cranny. "Ah," she mused, weeping copiously, "just as I thought. *To be is to be perceived, since that which exists fills space and that which fills space must be perceived,*" whereupon a sudden dreadful doubt seized upon her susceptible young mind. "Is this cloud, this space-filling and all too well perceived smoke, existent while I, I in my lonesomeness, am relegated to non-being? But no! for *Aristotle reasoned that I think, therefore I am; we can assume nothing except starting with this preface. Therefore I will start with this preface. This, then, is the beginning, the beginning without end, for I am not able to stop myself from thinking about something, therefore I must exist. Furthermore, if one thinks then one has a mind and so one exists. This is progress. But if one exists then one is perceived by someone (to couple Hume with Aristotle) and if you are, there must be others; these others perceive you; you are perceived Q. E. D. even though (by this time the smoke was as thick as Kant's collected works) you cannot see yourself, therefore some think that the only test of knowing you are real is by perceiving others or by having them perceive you.*

Surmising by this time the need for companionship (this need, she noted in passing, was one of those truths the idea of which according to Plato enters our minds by study or otherwise and so we learn them!), Sophie tied up her sash and dug away valiantly at the smoke, which she now perceived to be a cloud of ignorance—ignorance which in being so perceived became, alas, existent. This, not Pandora's box or the apple, was the beginning of evil. Just as little Sophie was about to succumb to the asphyxiating fumes there suddenly came into existence (i.e. were perceived) a number of individuals with their backs to her, sitting on a bench. Sophie tried to sit down on the end next to a very stolid figure to all appearances utterly saturated in himself. He was wearing a blue denim coat on which Sophie was able to make out in large red letters "Unmoved Movers, Inc."

"Don't mind him," said a long-eared fellow with a stop watch in his hand. "He's just thinking."

"Heavens," cried Sophie. "What about?"

There was a chorus from the bench-warmers:

"Everything, of course."

"Nothing, stupid."

* See page 25.

"*Philosophy*, ninny. What else is there worth thinking about?"

"It's all a lie. *He doesn't think.*"

"Then," said Sophie triumphantly, "if he doesn't think and I stop perceiving him he ought to become non-existent. You watch him, while I close my eyes, and see if he disappears." At this empirical suggestion they all scornfully turned their backs again on Sophie, who thus had to think very hard to keep from disappearing herself.

Several painful minutes elapsed before they all burst into a lusty "anassa kata kato kale," all except the gentleman with the stop watch, who turned out to be Zeno and of course wanted the tortoise to win. "You see, Miss Philé," he explained confidentially to Sophie, "the tortoise was winning in mythology. But time is funny," he added, looking ruefully at the watch, which he kept punching to make it read zero— "and now that the race has become historical, it's getting quite out of hand." Sophie thought it was getting rather out of sight as well, although strictly speaking it had never been in, so deciding she could read about it in the *News* she thanked Zeno and groped her way to the door. She was still a bit puzzled when on the following Wednesday she read: "*The tortoise . . . plodded on while Achilles was swifter and so rested and did not concentrate all his continuous energies toward winning the race. . . . The tortoise beat the hare. Achilles didn't race this race, except maybe in spirit.*"

"But who was it," mused Sophie, "who said, 'Next time get ethyl'?"

E. M. '35

Science Proper

A Text Book and a Guide

definition 1. Science. Science Proper must be carefully distinguished from Popular Science. Science Proper is what one hears in Dalton, Popular Science what one hears in the Home. A more detailed definition need not concern us here. As this work can by no means hope to treat both fields exhaustively or even adequately, we will confine ourselves here to a consideration of Science Proper, allowing ourselves a few brief words of introduction.

the new movement 2. The Scientific Era. In a certain sense we are all of us children of a scientific age, and our approach to all questions is characterized by the scientific spirit, which makes it impossible for us to observe natural phenomena without asking the question Why? As early as the nineteenth century this spirit was manifest; Napoleon, departing for Elba exclaimed "Why?"* And now, in the twentieth century, as an automobile refuses to start, the driver says to himself, "Why not?" The question of Why not?, however, is slightly different in its implications from

*See our volume on **History Proper** (No. 1). Just as it is important to distinguish between Science Proper and Popular Science, so it is absolutely essential to distinguish between such a volume as *History Proper*, and *1066 and All That*.

the question Why? A consideration of these differences does not concern us here.*

classification 3. Fields of Scientific Inquiry. Science may be roughly divided into four large fields: **Physics, Chemistry, Biology and Geology**. We cannot include Astronomy and other sciences in our present discussion, as only the above mentioned four are included under Dalton roof.*

4. **Physics**. Physics has been defined as "essentially a system of explanations."* The truth of this definition will become increasingly clear as the paragraph advances. **The spirit of the physicist** is part of the great **scientific spirit** already referred to in paragraph 2, and is marked by a facility on the part of the physicist in explaining why experiments do not work out in the class room in quite the same way as predicted in the book. The classic example of these class room difficulties is seen in connection with the electric circuit (when all the wires are attached, and still no current seems to flow). It takes all the spirit the physicist has to explain this. Another case where professorial explanation is essential, is where the text book states that so and so will happen if a rod is rubbed with cat's fur, and where in the class room, so and so does happen when the rod is rubbed with what is obviously a piece of red flannel. All the ingenuity of the physicist is required to explain this crude substitution.

divisions of physics It is obviously quite impossible to consider all the phenomena of nature without attempting a classification of some sort. In fact the chief characteristic of the **scientific spirit** (see paragraph 2), is to classify and reclassify, thus narrowing the field of inquiry from a topic such as The Universe; Its Laws and Nature, down to a topic such as: when you light a gas jet, why is it that the gas in the mains and tank does not take fire?*. A discussion of these two topics has no place among our present considerations; suffice it to say that the reason the gas in the mains and tank does not take fire is simply because the gas is being pushed out in very small quantities. We will now briefly go into the traditional divisions of physics.

Mechanics. This field includes such problems as the man carrying the pails, the elephant getting on the raft, etc.

Heat. Under this heading may be included such questions as the amount of hot water necessary to melt a certain amount of snow, the calorimeter, etc.

Sound. This topic involves a detailed consideration of the tuning fork, the sound of tolling bells travelling under water, etc.

*The student in metaphysics is referred to our volume on **Philosophy Proper**, and is cautioned against *Why Not Try God?*

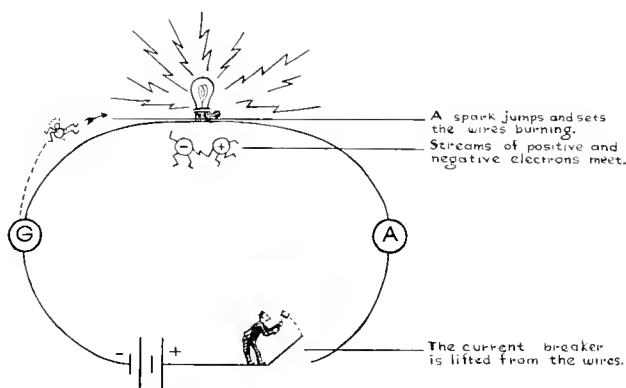
*All those interested in Astronomy are referred to our volume on **Astronomy Proper** and cautioned against *Stars Fell on Alabama*.

**A First Course in Physics for Colleges*, by Milliken, Gale and Edwards, p. 3.

*The thoughtful student, and in particular the candidate for the Ph.D. degree, will do well to acquire this habit of narrowing the field of scientific inquiry, as soon as possible.

Light. This includes the glass and pins experiment, etc.

Electricity. This subject is always introduced with the iron filings experiments, but proceeds rapidly to such interesting and useful fields as **electric circuits**. All of us, as we enter a room at night, press the switch to turn on the electric light bulb. If we analyze exactly what happens (and as Children of a Scientific Age, see paragraph 2, it is inevitable that we should), we find it easy to account for this remarkable phenomenon.*



5. Chemistry. "When we wish information about any specimen or kind of matter, we consult a chemist. Now chemists have worked out a point of view which enables them to attack any problem connected with matter in a systematic manner, and to state the results in a clear and simple way. To learn something of chemistry we must acquire this point of view and master the **technical language** the chemist uses in stating and discussing his results."* If a liter of heavy water were submitted to anyone possessed of the **spirit of the chemist** (similar to the **spirit of the physicist**, and both included under the more comprehensive term of the **scientific spirit**, see paragraph 2), an examination would be conducted, and an analysis given, somewhat as follows:

HEAVY WATER IS:

1. Poison.
2. Ice.
3. Nitric Acid.
4. Mercury.
5. Water containing chemicals.
6. Distilled water.
7. Water with a concentrated specific gravity.
8. Water with the oxygen removed.
9. Water with unusual bacterial content.

*It has been seen best to treat this subject diagrammatically.

**Smith's College Chemistry*, p. 3.

10. It is a type of water which has recently been shown to travel, and to be absorbed more slowly through the kidneys than regular water. Apparently it is not harmful to the system.
11. A scientist drank some of it and it did not kill him.*
12. The molecules are arranged differently in the H.
13. Sulphuric acid.
14. Theoretically it kills you if you drink it, but apparently it doesn't.

This is a thoughtful analysis of all the possibilities.

6. Geology and Biology. These two sciences, as the most popular of the required sciences, will not be considered in as much detail as chemistry or physics, in that not as many explanatory remarks are necessary in order to familiarize the student with these fields of scientific thought. The only biological topic around which there can be any doubt is the question of chromosomes, as popular science has invaded this field, and circulated a good deal of misleading data. We can dismiss the entire question by stating that chromosomes are low forms of animal life.



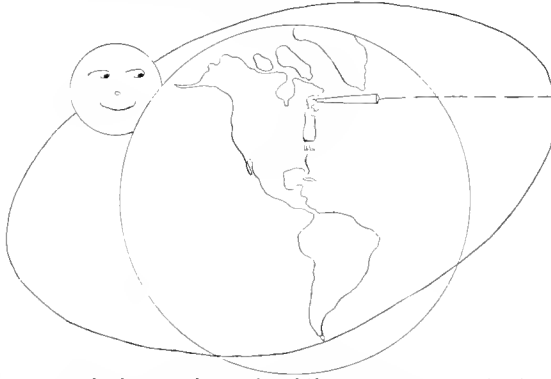
hills & valleys Geology, briefly, is the study of maps and fossils. A further definition need not concern us here. In our limited space we will have to content ourselves with the simple and obvious statement that there are hills and valleys so that the rainfall may be carried to the sea (the rivers in turn forming new valleys by the strength of their currents.) * If this is once clearly understood, the entire map burden will be immeasurably lightened.

conclusion In this simple text we have attempted to show that science (proper) is characterized by the scientific spirit (see paragraph 2), which means nothing more than looking about and asking Why? We have then briefly attempted to outline the great fields of scientific inquiry, and to state a few of the outstanding facts under each of these fields. We direct the attention of the student to the plate at the end of this chapter; it is a fitting conclusion to this work, as it shows what

*The scientist referred to is under no circumstances to be confused with Maxwell's Demon.

*See The Great Book of the Law of Nature.

results are possible when the thoughtful student considers the movements of the heavenly bodies, and stops to ask the question, Why?



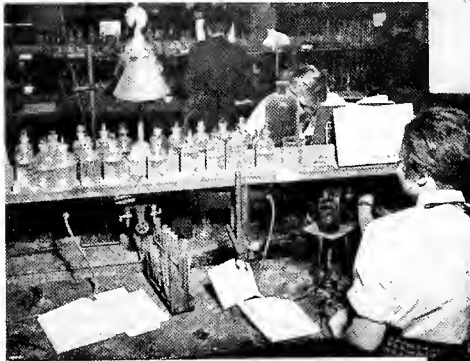
The moon revolves around the earth, and while we can't see it, is the time it's on the other side of the earth.

APPENDIX

We have already indicated in paragraph No. 5 the value of careful analysis, and the purpose of approaching all problems from the **scientific point of view**. After examining some object or substance in this spirit, it is always well to tabulate one's conclusions, as we have attempted to do in our consideration of the question, "What is heavy water?" That this practice may be profitably employed in all branches of study can be quite simply shown by the following example:

Consider a broad **cultural** question, such as "What is wrong with the Sistine Madonna?" By a tabulation of conclusions, the most enlightening information becomes apparent.

She is in all the junk shops.
Not according to convention.
Sentimental.
The lower portion has been removed and does not hang in Dresden with the rest. The Assumption is shown with the Virgin holding the child, which is unusual.
The eyes.
The baby is resting on air, because the mother's arms don't support it.
The symbolism.
The proportions of the child.
The composition is wrong.
She has but one eye.
Perspective and proportions are wrong. A bit rococo.
Off center and off balance.
Cross-eyed.
She is standing.
Raphael's sugar sweetness.
Her dress.
She is not standing on anything solid.



The Light in the House

THE Speaker of the House was trembling with excitement, while big, hot tears rolled unheeded down his cheeks. The Secretary of the Treasury was nervously tugging at his long, white beard, which was still sparkling with the gold dust that had flown into it during his early morning stroll through the vaults. The House to a man was standing apprehensively on the edge of its seats. And all this was because four unassuming, pretty young women, dressed in black caps and gowns and carrying an owl, were asking that very question which no member of the House is allowed to embarrass his fellows by asking.

"Gentlemen," the young ladies were crying. "Gentlemen! What is the gold standard?" The Senators looked down at the floor and fidgeted under the accusing gaze of the young women. "I always said it was a mistake to give the vote to women," the Secretary of the Treasury uttered in his beard. The Speaker of the House retired into the nearest corner and wept bitterly, with his face turned to the wall. A woman in the gallery dropped a hair-pin with a resounding clatter.

"Gentlemen," insisted the young ladies, "can it be that you, the leaders of the nation, in whose hands the American people has placed the fate of this, our glorious country, can it be that you do not know what the gold standard is?" No one denied the charge. Forty-eight Senators prayed silently that their tormentors would soon go home.

"Then we shall have to tell you!" indefatigably cried the young women. "The gold standard is—" The excitement was so intense that the speaker fainted—"the gold standard is the banner of France with three fleur de lis imprinted upon it." Resounding cheers arose throughout the House, but the Secretary looked uncomfortable. "Ladies," he said, "may I ask a question? If this is so, how am I to tell how much our money is worth? How many fleur de lis shall I put to the dollar?" The young women looked scornfully upon him in his stupidity. "What can be troubling you?" they asked. "Is it not perfectly obvious that every piece of money in the country is worth its weight in gold?" "A scale! A scale! Bring me a scale and some gold!" called the Secretary of the Treasury, whipping a paper dollar out of his pocket. "At last we shall see how much the dollar should be worth! Our troubles are over!"

"You care too much about money anyway," said one of the young women. "Money is a dead thing and time belongs to God, as the Middle Ages saw when they forbade usury." "I am afraid I don't understand," said the Secretary of the Treasury, sitting down to weigh his paper dollar. "What *was* the mediæval doctrine of usury?" "It is a trifle complicated. "You had better listen carefully," said the young women. The Senators tried hard to concentrate, but the unusual strain began to tell on them, and several fell asleep right where they stood on the edge of their seats. The young women considerably lowered their voices, so as not to disturb the exhausted leaders of their country.

"The mediæval doctrine of usury," they whispered, "was a written contract and money paid back or death. A lord was entitled to anything on his own estate, but the money-lenders extorted 300-400% interest and the mediævals considered this one of the cardinal sins, especially since produce was demanded from land worked by peasants." This was too much for the House, which went raving mad with brain-fever, so there was nothing for the young women to do but leave. They waved goodbye to the Secretary of the Treasury, who was balancing his paper dollar on the scale with infinitesimal grains of gold dust out of his beard, and seemed to be finding it a difficult task. It is significant, however, that as they left, their owl flew into the Treasury beard, as a symbol of the enlightened thinking which had been revealed to the House.

Alice B. Witless Makes the Grand Tour

(Editor's Note: Miss Witless has done us a great favor by expanding for us the diary notes she kept on her cruise. The original notes will be printed in the margin.)

"New Zealand. Met celebrities living there, especially A Woman. Most remarkable to find one on the island."

When I was in New Zealand we had quite a party. I can assure you it was no amateur affair. D. H. Lawrence told me that it was the best event of the year, and although I never could quite believe anything he told me, yet I had it from his wife and several other reliable sources after he died. It was too bad he died; he was enjoying so much the company of Rider Haggard, who said to me that very same evening: "Isn't it jolly to have old Thackeray with us again?" I said I supposed it was. On the whole, I think that Rider Haggard enjoyed Thackeray more than he did Lawrence, which was a shame, because D H. was mortally afraid of Captain Cook, who kept hurtling around street corners (they do have streets in New Zealand, please) with a cuirass in hand, and Lawrence thought Rider Haggard the most suitable to protect him. For, after all, Stevenson had a bad lung, and Browning was—well, you know Browning—and A Woman, no matter how mysterious, whether she be the dark lady of the sonnets or the fair lady of the octava rima, is in the end a woman, and no protection against a cuirass. It was at the party that I found out the whole truth about New Zealand. Fielding told me, he took me off in a corner and explained that Captain Cook was king of the island (at the same time cutting a fine literary figure, of course) and that everything he said went, and had gone very well until one day D. H. Lawrence burst upon this paradise of male writers, arriving inopportunely with sons, lovers, and A Woman. The cuirass habit had started then, and the situation was becoming daily more grim. I asked Fielding why he didn't do something about it, a man of his parts, and he said that after one more scene he was going to whip out Tom Jones and finish the whole thing off in the grand manner. I said Bravo!

and left New Zealand then once and for all, because I was on a tour around the world and did not want to get involved in any such plot. They all came to the boat to see me off, and my black bangs were flying in the wind, and Mr. Thackeray most gallantly presented me with a pocket mirror. I caught the allusion on the wing, and so did the rest of them, and we laughed until the ship sailed.

"At Sea: Two of my fellow passengers drowned. Both poets. Dreadful!" But New Zealand was only a prelude, a faint whiff of excitement. Little did I know when I heard the ship blowing its horn out of the harbour how close I was to the real stuff of life and death. I went to my cabin and started to relax when there was a faint scratching at the door. I opened it, and outside stood a rather wan young man to whom my heart immediately unfolded itself. It must have been some quality of soul that I sensed. He stumbled in, regarded me strangely, then burst into a torrent of words. He said he was feeling death to be near, and could I possibly give him a copy of *Cymbeline*. All this was palpably absurd to me, but even more so when another knock sounded on the door, imperiously, loudly. I opened. A tall figure entered. "I am Byron," it said, "I have come to find my co-partner in madness and exile." I realized all at once that it was Keats sitting on my bed, and then I began hunting eagerly for *Cymbeline* among my belongings, but could find no trace of it. "I must have lost it," I sighed. "You would! Dumpy!" uttered Byron, and I shrank into myself at his cutting words, they were so witty, full of that famous European savoir faire. "But it was a good copy!" I apologized. Byron silenced me superbly by remarking that *he* wouldn't be found dead with it; and at that Keats sprang to his feet and rushed from the cabin. "He's after that belle dame again! Poor idiot!" cried Byron.

At dinner I was all right again, with my bright eyes observing all. Byron was not far away from me, and I noticed his deathly pallor, and I said to myself that I had learned something true in college after all, and that undoubtedly his private life was in a ghastly turmoil. I wondered if he had perhaps kidnapped the one Woman who inhabited New Zealand (I never forgot her), because that would have borne out the best theories on the subject. But she was nowhere to be seen. Well, to be brief, both the dear Keats and the naughty Byron managed somehow to get drowned. It was a bad thing, I had my eye on the wan one; when I saw him one afternoon with that fatal drama in his hand, my bangs stood out straight from my head. "Adieu, adieu," I said, the tears coming to my eyes, "thy plaintive anthem fades," and indeed it did fade, drowned deep in the cold, cold sea, and only the seagulls over his grave. It was fated that way; all of us on board had felt an ominous thrill of disaster. But Byron, of course, drowned differently. It happened at the crack of dawn; he had meant to die in Missolonghi, but something slipped, and he found himself joining the great mother sea instead of the Greek rebels. The sailors shot off the gun, he made his last salute, and down he went. Ours not to reason why, because we knew already that the gods kill the things they love, and if God does not love a poet well enough to kill him by land, by sea is the next best thing—or what's a heaven for?

"Greece. Missolonghi. Tavern scene. How the mighty fell! Impossible interviews. Brawling. Very disappointed."

I followed the trail of Livingston to Missolonghi because I heard of a revival meeting they were having there. But it turned out to be one of those nights in an old tavern. Ben Jonson was there, as spruce as ever. He told me himself, as soon as I came in, that

having worn out his influence on the romantic poets (tremendous, since he never wrote plays) he was travelling through Europe in search of a Boswell. He wanted to mend his fame, he said, so he went to Greece. But alas, he found many there in the old tavern already, all slowly dying of war or the world's neglect. He found Kipling holding out the last drop of water to Gunga Din, while Rupert Brooke wept silently upon the cool white tablecloths. The night I was there, things came to a sorry pass; in fact I was the only one who survived to tell the horrid tale. For Burns swaggered in somewhat tipsy and red about the ears, followed by Beaumont, of Beaumont and Fletcher Limited. There were not enough chairs, and insults began to fly, with the result that both Kipling and Gunga Din (who really was, by the way, the better man) collapsed; and Rupert, after writing on the tablecloth his last wish—to be buried under English sod, in a corner lot, if possible—expired, shot in the heart, gallantly pursuing the barmaid, a lover to the last. Ben and I were sitting pretty; presently Burns and Beaumont began squabbling with each other—the latter becoming officious about his business connections. Burns, who was anything but a snob, could not tolerate smugness, however delicate, however gentlemanly, the wine had been flowing freely, and they were both men for all that. Rumor says that each fired at the same instant; I shut my eyes; but I think that Burns missed his aim, and Beaumont, after killing Burns, feeling a bit Jacobean, and quite drunk, shot himself also, willing his famous house to Gilbert and Sullivan. This left the old tavern for Ben and me; as we sat there sipping the good grape, exchanging Scotch memoirs, I began to feel rather puffed up until—and this is the climax of my visit to the tavern—Boswell appeared, slowly walking, meditating visibly into his notebook. "It's Boswell!" I whispered naively, and let me hint to you that in my dreams I too had hoped for immortality, and here was the main chance, the only chance—here I was between a Boswell and a Jonson! But woe to the English language, that one small letter could start a brawl. For when, with the greatest aplomb, yet with the air of an old acquaintance reviving friendship, large-hearted Ben produced his calling card, what should the great commentator do after reading the name but pronounce audibly to the air: "The upstart! He has dropped the "H"! "Aitch be damned!" cried Ben, "I'll make you itch for this, you fraud, you eighteenth century darling!" Thus the fray began; they both died fighting, out-Marlowing Marlowe in their disreputable performance. I decided to forswear literary men forever.

"London. Realize at last the desperate plight of English men of letters. Have just been to Chatterton's room. Horror, horror, horror!"

But fate had it otherwise. Someone, I think it was a woman, if not The Woman from New Zealand, urged me to lay a wreath on the dead Chatterton's doorknob. It was the anniversary of his coming of age, and I could not resist it. It was decidedly a blunder. After placing the wreath, I smelt something strange; I opened the

door, looked in. The air was thick with opium smoke, even though the window was open; table and floor were covered with manuscripts; there were decanters of wine; and an old pulpit lay fallen in one corner. And the men assembled there! It was a sight that haunts me yet: De Quincey was dreaming on a couch, Poe quaffed at a side table; Donne raised his voice into the silence, then ceased; Pope and Swift sucked in the morning air, and Dickens leaned from the window, bowing to the pedestrians; Lamb mutely questioned the floor; Herrick bound a rose garland at a withered desk. I saw Coleridge chasing the bats along the wall; I should have gone then, but I was magnetized, caught on the spot. I heard Pope calling them all together; they stood in a great ring around the table; each swore an oath; I listened carefully, hearing the words "the pact," and even De Quincey, through the fog, was making a promise. I felt I was certainly done for this time—but they never noticed me at all. They were drinking now—to their great and final enterprise, they were drinking to death! There, in Chatterton's room, they were making it at last, the gesture they had never been able to make, they were cutting themselves off—I was witnessing the most famous suicide pact of all time. A movement behind me. Shelley had entered, breathless; he had almost forgotten, and missed the plane from Calais, but had just made it, and now he stood there as big as death, and they took him into the circle and gave him his drop of poison. He drank, they all drank, they dropped their wine glasses—I wrenched open the door, and fled down the stairs; it was too much! I had seen during one grand tour twenty great men meet their doom; the slaughter was magnificent but terrible, ominous, a warning to me, and to England, and to you also, fair readers, who may even now be contemplating the nimbus of glory approaching you, even now planning a summer in Greece. Remember and tremble, remember the doom of the poet, the scourge of the master. Lay your plans well, avoid New Zealand, and keep *Cymbeline*, if you must travel with it, locked in the depths of your trunk. Eat well, sleep well, have no traffic with the past; and, above all, write nothing.



Questionnaire

(submitted to all seniors)

PHILOSOPHY

What does the unmoved mover think about?

How, according to Plato, do we come to know truths we have never experienced?

Explain: to be is to be perceived.

Explain: cogito ergo sum.

Who won the race between Achilles and the tortoise?

SCIENCE

What is heavy water?

What are chromosomes?

What are seeds?

Why does an electric light bulb light when the switch is turned on?

What is a fossil?

Why are there hills and valleys?

Explain the phases of the moon.

When you light a gas jet, why is it that the gas in the mains and tank does not take fire?

HISTORY OF ART

What is wrong with the Sistine Madonna?

When, how and why did painting in oils become general?

What is the real relation of Roman Art to Romanesque?

ECONOMICS

What is meant by the Gold Standard?

What was the mediæval Doctrine of Usury?

What economic, social, or political groups have advocated the "right to the whole product of labor"?

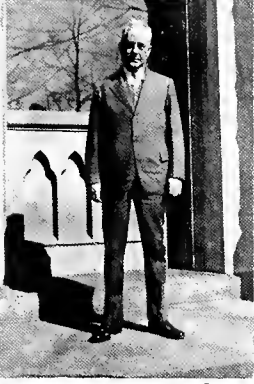
What were the economic causes of the American Revolution?

ENGLISH

What Eliabethan poet (non-dramatic) most influenced the poets of the Romantic period?

Name an English writer who:

- a) Was drowned.
- b) Committed suicide.
- c) Was slain in a brawl.
- d) Died in Missolonghi.
- e) Lived in New Zealand.
- f) Died with *Cymbeline* in his hand.



Re-arrange in chronological order:

- a) In Memoriam.
- b) Emma.
- c) The Portrait of a Lady.
- d) The Portrait of Mr. W. H.
- e) The Dunciad.
- f) The Unfortunate Traveller.
- g) The Book of the Courtier.
- h) The Anatomy of Melancholy.
- i) Moll Flanders.

HISTORY

Who made, or is said to have made the following statements:

L'état c'est moi.

Millions for defense and not one cent for tribute.

Working men of all countries unite.

You can fool some of the people all of the time, you can fool all of the people some of the time, but you can't fool all of the people all of the time.

What have the following historical figures in common?

Marat, Lincoln, Caesar, the Archduke Francis Ferdinand, Thomas Becket, and William the Silent.

What is the most important contribution of mediæval England to modern government?

By what common manifestation are the following dates characterized?

1517, 1649, 1789, 1917, 1929.

LANGUAGE TRANSLATIONS

(Of longer passages submitted, only the following excerpts are printed, as these particular excerpts afford the greatest possibilities for free translations, such as:

*"Dans son assiette, arrondi mollement
Un paté chaud, d'un aspect délectable
D'un peu trop loin m'attirait doucement."*

In his napkin a softly rounded cake, warm and of inviting appearance, sweetly attracted me from a little distance.

A man whose warm pate had a delectable appearance, and who was settled comfortably in a chair, at a distance attracted me.

In its napkin, heaped softly, a warm paw of a delectable character from a little too far away pulled me gently.

In its foldings, fragrantly smelling—

In its chair, moist and round—

In his dish, sweetly sprinkled—



“Sein Gesicht war sehr bleich und in seiner strengen
 Regelmässigkeit von einer muden Ausdruckslosigkeit, nur die
 hervortretenden Augen waren noch wunderbarlich klar und blau.”

His face was very white and set in powerful passivity, the result of tragic blindness. . . .
 His sight was very feeble, and in his strong ruling of a fine outlook only the wearying
 eyes. . . .

. . . in a strong regalness from a tired countenance, only the honest eyes . . .
 . . . in the strong massiveness of his expression only the wandering eyes . . .
 . . . in his extreme weakness of a blank expression only the alert eyes . . .
 . . . in its narrow tight expression of a sad feeling of having no outlook . . .
 . . . his strong restraint of a fatigued relaxation in expression . . .
 . . . in his strong massive forehead with a tired appearance . . .
 . . . in its peculiarly forceless dominance . . .
 . . . in a strong regality of a tired loss of outlook . . .
 . . . in his courageous expressionless only the ever-turning eyes . . .
 . . . in his strong resistance of a weary hopelessness only the heart-rending eyes . . .

* * * *

“hoc nemus hunc,” inquit.

“There is no one here,” he said.

* * * *

“. . . cum saepe nigrantem aegida concuteret dextra nimbosque cieret.”

. . . when often the ice cut down the negro, and the right hand felled the shades.
 . . . his right hand joins the clouds together.
 . . . when often he surrounds with black clouds the right, and leads the clouds.
 . . . as frowning he drives his chariot right through the clouds.
 . . . when in darkness the clever eagle conducted him and the clouds concealed him.

* * * *

“Venerat iam tertius dios, id est expectatio liberae cenae, sed tot vulneribus
 confossis fuga magis placebat, quam quies.”

. . . now the flight of flood took place with considerable noise as before . . .
 . . . but the flight pleased many wounds more than rest . . .
 . . . flight was more pleasing than anything else to those lying wounded in ditches . . .
 The third day will come now, that is the expectation of the liberated swan.
 Now the third God will come, that is the awaiting of the books of wax . . .



"Chance Is the Fool's Name for Fate"

WE all know her: Mrs. ———. I arranged for an hour of tutoring with her by telephone, and at the appointed hour, sat waiting in my room. Success seemed within my grasp; as far as anyone knew, none of her pupils had ever failed the Orals. Of course I realized that Baby German was two years behind me, but I could still recite the Fire Passage from *Das Lied*, (as well as the one ending with, "O das sie ewig something bliebe, die something something something Liebe.") As the hour struck, I heard a voice from the far end of the hall say, "Open your book at page 52 and begin reading at sight. There is not a moment to be lost." I had just begun to smile tolerantly, when I realized that a stranger had penetrated into the room, and I was on the point of taking a firm stand in the matter of these tutorials, when she pulled up a chair, thrust a book before my dazed eyes, and then commenced a rapid fire of exhortations.

"Go on. Go on. Begin reading. You can't find the place? Line twelve. Begin. Begin. What's the trouble? You don't know the word? Think. Think. Correlate it with other words like it. You already do? too many? Well, you can learn what it means later. Go on. Go on. Yes. Yes. You're dreaming. You're dreaming. Wetter, Wetter. That's a perfectly simple word. Wetter. Think. Don't dream. Wetter, what does it sound like? If you can't think of that, think of Wert, work, Wesen, being, wesentlich, essential, wetzen, to whet, sharpen, Wette, bet. All that ought to help you. Just correlate your words. Wetter, weather. Under no circumstances confuse with Wert, Wesen, wetzen, Wette, or for that matter with wessen, whose. Go on. Go on. I think you'd better take that pillow from behind your back. Don't stop. You're a little too inclined to dream, I'm afraid. Go on."

Somehow the hour passed. When we had finished the sight translation, Mrs. ——— dictated a few thousand words for me to learn for the next hour; such words as vertragen, to carry away, ertragen, to endure, suffer, sich zutragen, to come to pass, vortragen, to carry forward, eintragen, to carry in, and further correlations. All night I sat up, engaged in cutting up little slips of paper, and writing the English on one side, the German on the other. I started by writing them out in pencil, but then realized that through the years to come (when I would probably still be memorizing them), the pencil would probably smudge, and ink would prove more lasting. For the same reason, I changed to a somewhat thicker quality paper. The size of the slips was also a problem that proved rather trying, as I wanted them to be sufficiently large to be manageable, yet not so large that Mrs. ———, on hearing me the words, would have too simple a time. In short, the mechanical features of the work were so tremendous that there was not a single moment before the next lesson in which to learn any of the words. When Mrs. ——— appeared the next day, it was just as clear to her as it was to me that I was not at home in my vocabulary.

By the third lesson, I had been established in a stiff-backed chair, so that there was no opportunity of luxuriating against the sofa pillows, and the chair was placed in such a position that there was no longer a chance of wasting a moment by looking out of the window. The little white slips were by this time piled to the ceiling, and it seemed clear to me that all traffic in and out of the room would soon be an impossibility. Little did I suspect at the time that I would pass the Orals, and live to hear myself blessing Mrs. —— and praising her methods of instruction. At that time, however, I did not see the thing in quite that light, and ventured an opinion (screamed) that I was tired of the slips, and would have no more of them. As I threw some 5,879,264,756 out of the window, Mrs. —— told me not to indulge in *the dramatics of nervous exhaustion*. I need scarcely go over these little contretemps individually; at the end of the fifth lesson I recall Mrs. —— saying simply, "I'm like a fiend sitting by, am I not?"

Atque Vale

All hail to you, females of power,
Who gave us our freedom!
Of optimists you were the flower!
Fanatics for she-dom,
You gave up your lives
For the downtrodden wives
Who knew nothing better than he-dom.

You opened the door of the cage,
O militant dames;
You made business ladies the rage,
And kept your own names;
You marched through the streets,
You discarded sweetmeats,
Disrupting the household games.

The gaolers relinquished the keys—
Both fathers and brothers—
Saying: "We hope you don't freeze!
Now honor your mothers!
Use your own head
To butter your bread,
Long you have sponged upon others."

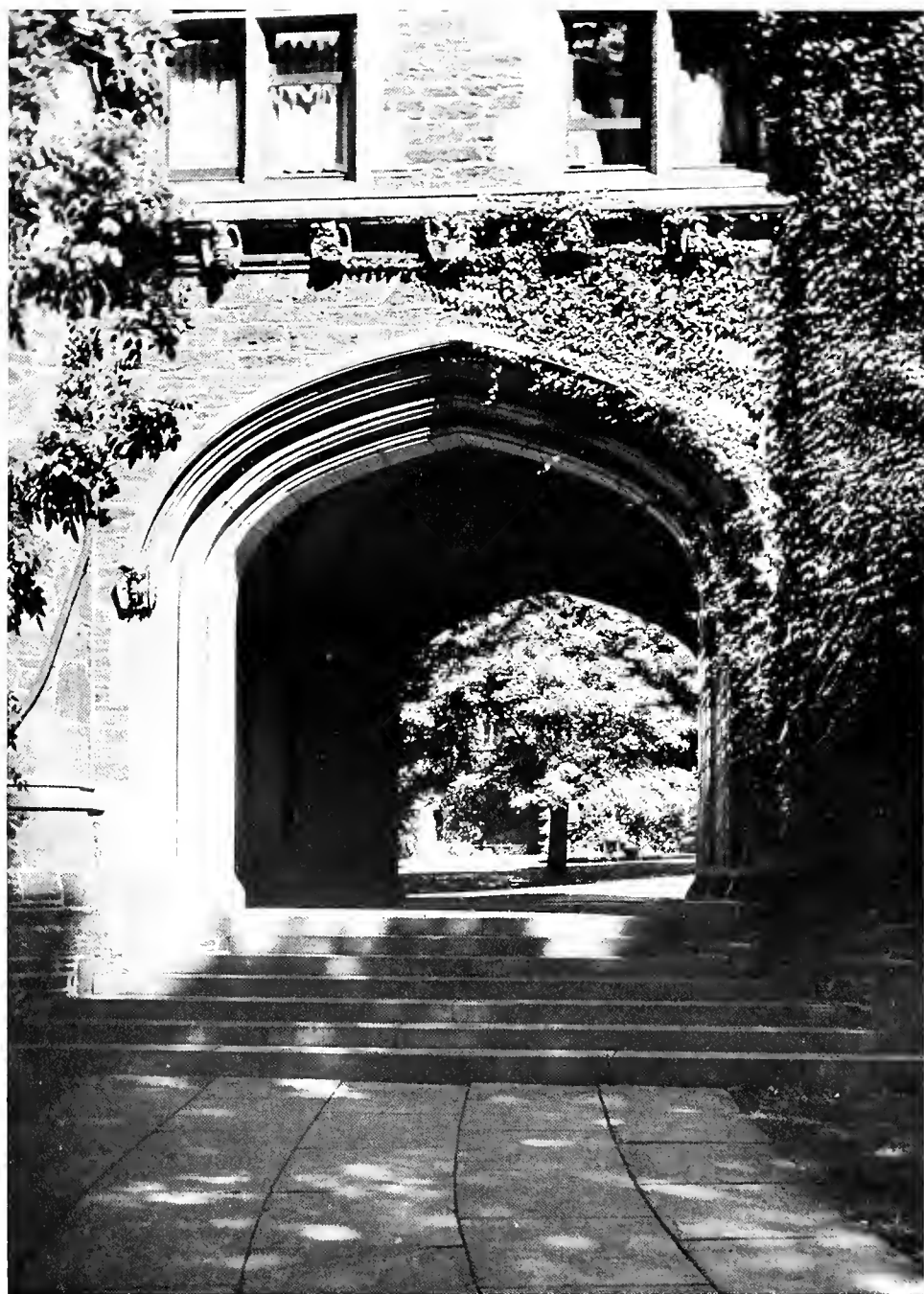
No longer the washboard's minions,
But brisk at the polls.
You cast your own private opinions,
At last you had souls!
Newborn, you were free
From the housemaid's knee
And the daily buttering of rolls.

Once it was only the Follies
That offered careers,
But you stood up in the trolleys,
And made men your peers;
Chivalry, sighing,
At long last expiring,
Fled back into the years.

On the whole you were winners,
Re-vamping the state,
Presiding at spinster dinners,
Pregnant with fate;
Shorn of your braids,
And calling spades spades,
You got us the world, soon or late.

But WAIL NOW, you suffragette women
Who captured our votes,
Who sought the mind to illumine
By donning men's coats;
For a place in the sun
You gave up your fun
And the launching of thousands of boats.

And now this spoiled generation
Takes all for granted,
And gone is that earnest elation,
The spirits that panted;
Highminded girls
Spend time on their curls—
Good God! Have the women recanted?



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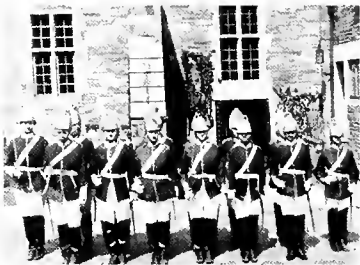
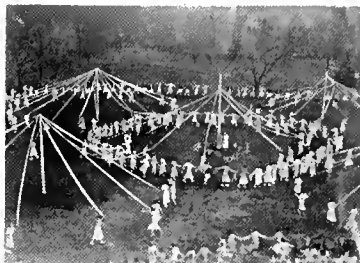
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of

1935

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Born: April 10, 1913

Died: February 12, 1933



FLORENCE MILLER SWAB

Born: October 3, 1912

Died: February 9, 1935



JOANE E. BAKER



ELIZABETH MAUNSELL BATES

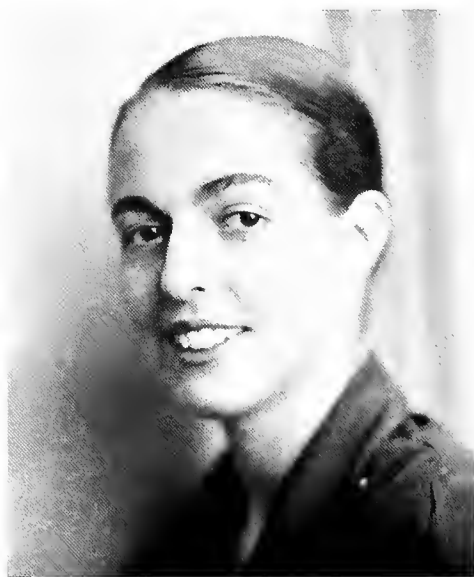
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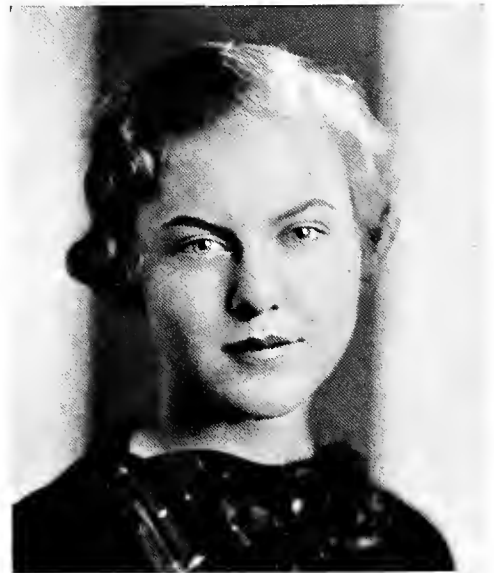
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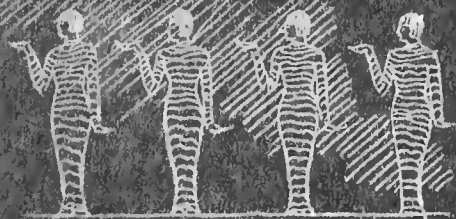
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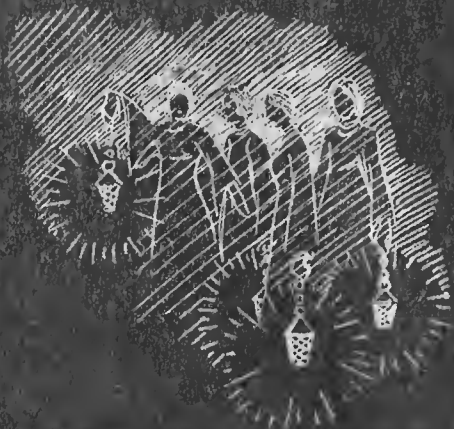
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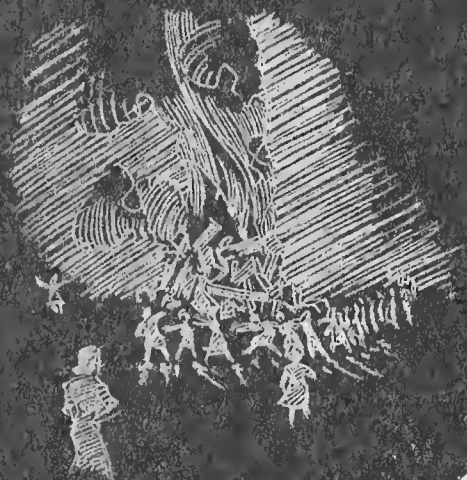
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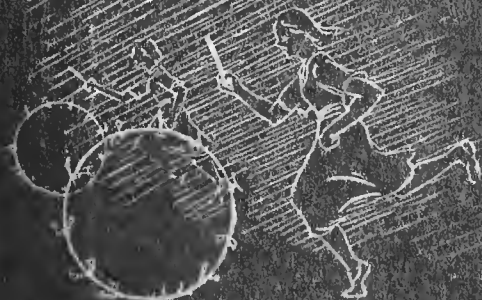
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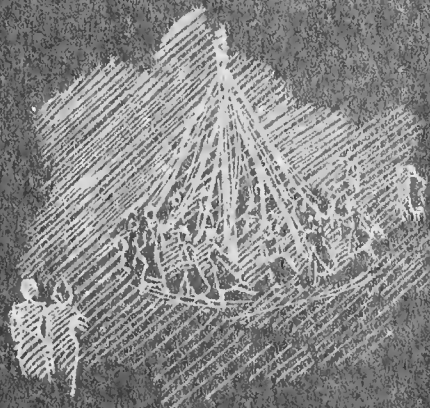
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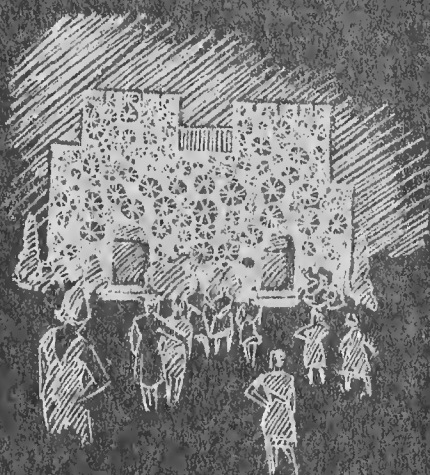
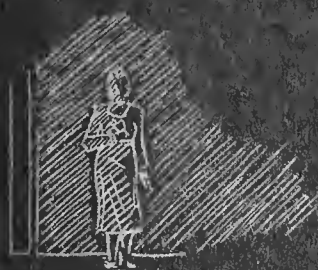
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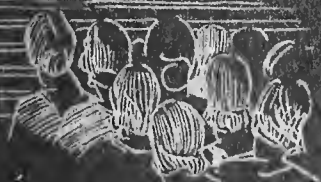
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